

She VALAN Sof VI W HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

ILLUSTRATIONS OF LAUREN STOUT

He smiled, a little bleakly, and

"Isn't it strange for me to be talk-

old. But the date brings it very close;

woman ought to have two husbands:

"Yes," she agreed, with a little sigh,

people enough, and books to read, and

plenty of pretty things to look at, and

my figure and my vanity-I'm not too

old yet to thank the Lord for that!

won't wear 'em. Not if I know my-

made two juleps, and if you're a gen-

.

The major, at the foot of the cherry-

bordered lane, looked back across the

box-hedge to where the two figures

face turned lovingly down to Shirley's

watching them from under his

Judith, did you!" he sighed to him-

self. "It's been a long time, too, since

I began to want you to-'most forty

years. When it came to the show-

down, I wasn't even as fit as Tom

CHAPTER IX.

Damory Court.

"Dar's Dam'ry Co'ot smack-dah

John Valiant looked up. Facing

them at an elbow of the broad road,

was an old gateway of time-nicked

stone, clasping an iron gate that was

quaint and heavy and red with rust.

"Wait a moment," he said in a low

voice, and as the creaking conveyance

stopped, he turned and looked about

Facing the entrance the land fell

away sharply to a miniature valley

through which rambled a willow-bor

dered brook, in whose shallows short-

horned cows stood lazily. Beyond

whither wound the Red Road, he

could see a drowsy village, with a

spire and a cupolaed court-house; and

farther yet a yellow gorge with a

wisp of white smoke curling above

it marked the course of a crawling

"Et's er moughty fine ol' place, suh

mid dat big revenue ob trees," said

Uncle Jefferson, "But Ah reck'n et

ain' got none ob de modern conniv-

As Valiant jumped down he was

possessed by an odd sensation of old

acquaintance—as if he had seen those

tall white columns before-an illu-

sory half-vision into some shadowy,

fourth-dimensional landscape that he-

longed to his subconscious self, or

that, glimpsed in some immaterial

dream-picture, had left a faint-etched

memory. Then, on a sudden, the vista

vibrated and widened, the white col-

umns expanded and shot up into the

"Wishing-House!" he whispered

The hidden country which his father's

to the little child that once he was,

in the guise of an endless wonder-

tale! His eyes misted over, and it

clouds, and from every bush seemed

woolly white hair!

all with my eyes shut. Then there's a seemed to him that moment that his

tiny old straw basket with a yellow father was very near.

far-away railway,

"You never looked at me that way,

slouched hat-brim.

Dandridge!"

ahaid, suh."

till I've got rid of mine in my usual

Tom Dandridge?"

at any rate."

way."

"I certainly was."

SYNOPSIS.

John Valiant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Valiant corporation, which his father founded and which was the principal source of his wealth, has failed. He voluntarily turns over his private fortune to the receiver for the corporation. His entire remaining possessions consist of an old motor car, a white bull dog and Damory court, a neglected estate in Virginia. On the way to Damory court he meets Shirley Dandridge, an auhum-haired heauty, and dicides that he is going to like Virginia immensely. An old negro tells Shirley's fortune and predicts great trouble for her on account of a man.

CHAPTER VIII.

What Happened Thirty Years Ago. When Shirley came across the lawn at Rosewood, Major Montague Bristow sat under the arbor talking to her mother.

The major was massive-framed. with a strong jaw and a rubicund complexion-the sort that might be supposed to have attained the utmost benefit to be conferred by a consistent indulgence in mint-juleps. His blue eyes were piercing and arched with brows like sable rainbows, at variance with his heavy iron-gray hair and imperial. His head was leonine and be looked like a king who has humbled his enemy. It may be added that his linen was fine and immaculate, his black string-tie precisely tied and a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses swung by a flat black cord against his

"Shirley," said her mother, "the major's brutal, and he shan't have his mint-julep."

"What has he been doing?" asked the other, her brows wrinkling in a delightful way she had.

"He has reminded me that I'm grow-

ing old." Shirley looked at the major skeptically, for his chivalry was undoubted. During a long career in law and legislature It had been said of him that he could neither speak on the tariff question nor defend a man for murder, without first paying a tribute to "the women of the South,

"Nothing of the sort," he rumbled. Mrs. Dandridge's face softened to wistfulness. "Shirley, am 1?" she asked, with a quizzical, almost a droll uneasiness, "Why, I've got every emotion I've ever had. I read all the new French novels, and I'm even thinking of going in for the militant suffragette movement.

The girl had tossed her hat and erop on the table and seated herself by her mother's chair. "What was it he said, dearest?"

"He thinks I ought to wear a worsted shawl and arctics." Her mother thrust out one little thin-slippered foot, its slender ankle gleaming through its open-work stocking like mother-of-pearl. "Imagine! In May. And he knows I'm vain of my feet! Major, if you had ever had a wife, you would have learned wisdom. But you mean well, and I'll take back what I said about the julep. You mix it, Shirley. Yours is even better than Ranston's."

"She makes me one every day, Monshe continued, as Shirley went into the house, "And when she isn't looking. I pour it into the bush there."

Major Bristow laughed as he bit the end off a cigar. "All the same." he said in his big rumbling voice. "you need 'em, I reckon. You need more than mint-juleps, too You leave the whiskey to me and the doctor, and you take Shirley and pull out for Why not? A year there would do you a heap of good."

She shook her head. "No, Monty. It isn't what you think. It's-here. She lifted her hand and touched her "It's been so for a long time. But it may-it can't go on forever, you see. Nothing can."

The major had leaned forward in his chair. "Judith!" he said, and his hand twitched, "it isn't true!" And then, "How do you know?"

She smiled at him. "You remember when that big surgeon from Vienna came to see the doctor last year? Well, the doctor brought him to me. I'd known it before in a way, but it had gone farther than I thought. No one can tell just how long it may be. It may be years, of course, but I'm not taking any saa trips. Monty."

He cleared his throat and his voice was husky when he spoke. "Shirley doesn't know?"

"Certainly not. She mustn't." And sudden sharpness: "You shan't tell her, Monty. You wouldn't

"No, indeed," he assured her quick-"Of course not." "It's just among us three, Doctor wisp in it that once was a bunch of Southall and you and me. We three cape jessamines. I wore them to that longings, he traversed an overgrown

President of Anti-Cruelty Society

in its Frankness.

New York declared the other day that

she never were aigrettes or the feath-

anything that files. Yet she was wear-

ing sables at the time; her boots were

of calfakin; her gloves were kid, and

she would go to the Ritz-Carlton for

forth and so on. Oh, consistency!

"Man is cruel toward the animals.

on and swallow tiny, living oys-

Made Decision Positively Brutal

"Mrs. Waldorf Astor at the port of

"Yes, Judith; we have."

She bent toward him, her hands tightening on the cane. "After all. may look only fifty, but I feel sixty —and in the evening, when I go down in the rear of the house and I'll admit to seventy-five. It's stairs, the house is full of the scent "Mine!" he said aloud it all-all-and then-well, then it me a whimsical old woman, but I inwas finished. It was Inished long be- sist on being humored." fore I married Tom Dandridge. It isn't that I'm empty-headed. It's that cleared his throat, I've been an empty-hearted woman, Monty-as empty and dusty and desolate as the old house over yonder on ly.

the ridge." "I know, Judith, I know."

"You've been empty in a way, too," she said. "But it's been a different way. You were never in love-really in love, I mean. Certainly not with me, Monty, though you tried to make me think so once upon a time, before Sassoon came along, and-Beauty Va-Hant.

The major blinked, suddenly It was out, the one name might honor. I've always thought a dat now?" startled. neither had spoken to the other for thirty years! He looked at her a litaway. "Everything changed then," she continued dreamily, "everything.

The major's fingers strayed across his waistcoat, fumbling uncertainly for his eye-glasses. For an instant he, too, was back in the long-ago past, when he and Valiant had been comrades. It had been a curious old lace to wear, and I've kept three sided affair—he, and Vallant and Sassoon. Sassoon with his dissipated flair and ungovernable temper and So don't talk to me about worsted strange fits of recklessness; clean, shawls and horrible arctics. For I high-idealed, straight-away Vallant; and he-a Bristow, neither better nor worse than the rest of his name. He remembered that mad strained season | tleman, you'll distract her attention when he had grimly recognized his own cause as hopeless, and with burning eyes had watched Sassoon and Valiant racing abreast. He remembered that glittering prodigal dance when he had come upon Valiant and Judith standing in the shrubbery, the candle-light from some open door engoldening their faces; hers smiling, a at her knee. He stood a moment little flippant perhaps, and conscious of her spell; his grave and earnest, yet wistful

"You promise, John?" "I give my sacred word. Whatever the provocation, I will not lift my hand against him. Never, never!" Then the same voice, vibrant, appealing. "Judith! It isn't because-because-you care for him?"

He had plunged away in the dark ness before her answer came. What had it mattered then to him what she



Shirley," Said Her Mother, "The Major's Brutal."

had replied? And that very night had befallen the fatal quarrel! The major started. How that name

had blown away the dust! "That's

a long time ago, Judith." "Thirty years ago tomorrow they fought," she said softly, "Vallant and Sassoon. Every woman has her one anniversary, I suppose, and tomorrow's mine. Do you know what I do, every fourteenth of May, Monty? I keep my room and spend the day always the same way. There's a little book I read. And there's an old hair- to peer a friendly black savage with cloth trunk that I've had since I was a girl. Down in the bottom of it are some-things, that I take out and set round the room * * * and there thoughts, sadly recurring, had painted is a handful of old letters I go over from first to last. They're almost

WASN'T ENTITLED TO MEDAL strikes me as absurd—reminds me, in | called to an affair as delicate as it

Leaving the negro to unload his be-

He quickly made up his disguise For his bourgeois meton hat, he sub Apache. He then jumped into an

He was not recognizable, or rather he would not have been if the honorable inspector had not retained upon his breast the red ribbon of the gion of honor, a ribbon that he had heroically won at Shotsy-le-Roi, under

"Han is cruel toward the animals. There is no denying it. And hence you demand our gold medal? My friend, you've been sufficiently reto prate of her kindness as regards warded already."

The inspector's Disguiss.

The inspector's Disguiss.

Some days ago, about five o'clock in the afternoon the principal police in the afternoon the principal police in the afternoon the Second district was philadelphia inquirer.

have had our secrets before, eh, Mon- last ball-the night before it hap path of mossed gravel, between box- | Valiant picked this up curiously. It was "Lucile." He noted that here pened. The fourteenth of May used to rows frowsled like the manes of Hons be sad, but now, do you know, I look gone mad and smothered in an ac- and there passages were marked with forward to it! I always have a lot of cumulation of matted roots and debris penciled lines some light and femijessamines that particular day-I'll of rotting follage, and presently, the ninely delicate, some heavier, as it's true. Today I am getting old. I have Shirley get me some tomorrow bulldog at his heels, found himself though two had been reading it together, noting their individual prefer-

ences

room.

He laid it back musingly, and open

ing a door, entered the large room it

disclosed. This had been the dining-

knobbed mahogany sideboard, holding

glass candlesticks in the shape of

lonic columns-above it a quaint por-

traft of a lady in hoops and love-

curls-and at the other end was a

huge fireplace with rust-red fire-dogs

and tarnished brass fender. All these,

with the round centipede table and

the Chippendale chairs set in order

against the walls, were dimmed and

grayed with a thick powdering of dust.

big and wide, a place of dark colors,

nobly smutched of time. It had been

at once library and living-room. A

great leather settee was drawn near

the desk and beside this stood a read-

ing-stand with a small china dog and

a squat bronze lamp upon it. In con-

was about this chamber a sense of

untouched disorder-a desk-drawer

paper torn across and flung into a cor-

ner, books tossed on desk and lounge

and in the fireplace a little heap of

whitened ashes in which charred frag-

ments told of letters and papers

the desk bung a life-size portrait of a

man, in the high soft stock and vel-

from the canvas. He stood straight

and tall, one hand holding an eager

hound in leash, his face proud and

florid, his single, cold, steel-blue eye

staring down through its dusty curtain

with a certain malicious arrogance,

for an instant as if the pictured figure

confronted the young man who stood

quiet; and he gazed back as fixedly,

repelled by the craft of the face, yet

subtly attracted. "I wonder who you were," he said. "You were cruel.

He returned to the outer hall to find

that the negro had carried in his

trunk, and he bade him place it, with

"Uncle Jefferson," said Valiant ab-

"No, suh. Jes' me en mah ol'

beaten'es cook in his heah county."

here with me for a while? She could

cook and you could take care of me."

turn inward with mingled surprise and

introspection. He shifted from one

foot to the other, swallowed difficultly

several times, and said, "Ah ain' neb-

"Well, I haven't seen you either.

"Dat's de trufe, suh, 'deed et is!

Hyuh, hyuh! Whut Ah means ter

say is dat de ol' 'coman kain' cook

no fancy didoes like what dev eats up

Norf. She kin jes' cook de Ferginey

"That sounds good to me," quoth

"Ah ain' specticulous as ter de

wages," said Uncle Jefferson. "Ah

knows er gemman when Ah sees one."

"Yas, suh, me en Daph gwineter

come ovah fus' thing in de mawnin'.

Whut yo'-all gwineter do fo' yo' sup-

cheerfully. "Here is five dollars. You

can buy some food and things to

Do you think there's a stove in the

"Ah reck'n," replied Uncle Jefferson

"En ef dar ain' Deph kin cook er

Chris'mus dinnah wid fo' stones en er

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wasted Day.

Of all days, the one that is most wasted is that on which one has not

tin skillet. Yas, suh!"

laughed.-Chamfort,

"I'll get along," Valiant assured him

"I'll risk it. Now as to

hah seed vo' hefo' sub."

Uncle Jefferson's eves seemed to

How would you both like to live

The genial titter again

ruptly, "have you a family?"

Suddenly he lifted his eyes. Above

burned in haste.

were strong, too."

"Can she cook?"

'ooman.'

have I?

style.

Valiant.

once?"

kitchen?"

The next room that he entered was

At one end stood a crystal

"Mine!" he said aloud with a rueful joy that keeps us young, and I didn't of them. All summer long it's roses, pride. "And for general run-downget my fair share of that. Monty, but on the fourteenth of May it has ness, it's up to the advertisement." For just one little week my heart had to be jessamines. Shirley must think He looked musingly at the piteous ness, it's up to the advertisement." wreck and ruin, his gaze sweeping down across the bared fields and unkempt forest. "Mine!" he repeated. 'All that, I suppose, for it has the same earmarks of neglect. Between ing this way now!" she said present- those cultivated stretches it looks like "Another proof that I'm getting a wedge of Sahara gone astray." File gaze returned to the house. "Yet what it seems, somehow, closer than ever a place it must have been in its time!" this year.-Monty, weren't you tre- He went slowly back to where his conmendously surprised when I married ductor sat on the lichened horse-

> "We's heah," called Uncle Jefferson "I'll tell you a secret. I was, too. cheerfully. "Whut we gwinter do suppose I did it because of a sneak-nex', suh? Reck'n Ah better go ovah ing feeling that some people were feelter Miss Dandridge's place fer er ing sorry for me, which I never could crowbah. Lawd!" he added, "ef he stand. Well, he was a man any one ain' got de key! Whut yo' think oh

block.

John Valiant was looking closely at one to love and cherish, and the other the big key; for there were words, trast to the orderly dining-room there tle guiltily; but her eyes had turned to honor and obey. I had the latter, which he had not noted before engraved in the massive flange. "Friends "And you've lived, Judith," he said, all hours." He smiled. "The sentiment jerked half-open, a yellowed newssent a warm current of pleasure to Tve lived. I've had Shirley, and she's his finger-tips. Here was the very twenty and adorable. And I've had text of hospitality!

A Lilliputian spider-web was stretched over the preempted keyhole, and he fetched a grass-stem and poked out its tiny gray-striped denizen before he inserted the key in the rusted lock. He turned it with a curious sense of timidity. All the strength of vet collar of half a century before. his fingers was necessary before the The right eye, strangely, had been cut self! Here comes Shirley. She's massive door swung open and the leveling sun sent its late red rays into the gloomy interior.

He stood in a spacious hall, his nostrils filled with a curious but not unpleasant aromatic odor with which the place was strongly impregnated. The and his lips set in a sardonic curve hall ran the full length of the build- that seemed about to sneer. It was ing, and in its center a wide, balussat under the rose-arbor, the mother's traded double staircase led to upper darkness. The floor, where his foot- there, mutely challenging his entrance prints had disturbed the even gray into that tomb-like and secret-keeping film of dust, was of fine close parquetry and had been generously strewn everywhere with a mica-like powder. He stooped and took up a pinch in his fingers, noting that it Perhaps you were wicked. But you gave forth the curious splcy scent. Dim paintings in tarnished frames hung on the walls. From a niche on the break of the stairway looked down the face of a tall Dutch clock, and on the portmanteau, in the room he had one side protruded a huge bulging just left. Dusk was falling.



He Inserted the Key In the Rusted

something draped with a yellowed linen sheet. From its shape he guessed this to be an elk's head. Dust, undisturbed, lay thickly on everything, ghostly floating cobwebs crawled across his face, and a bat flitted out pah?" of a fireplace and vanished squeaking over his head. With Uncle Jefferson's help he opened the rear doors and windows, knocked up the rusted | cook with, and bring them with you. belts of the shutters and flung them wide

But for the dust and cobwebs and the strange odor, mingled with the faint musty smell that pervades a sunless interior, the former owner of the house might have deserted it a week ago. On a wall-rack lay two walkingsticks and a gold-mounted hunting crop, and on a great carved chest below it had been flung an opened book bound in tooled leather. John

RICH IN PALAEOLITHIC RELICS | was an ideal hunting lodge for palaeopost of the race in Europe.

Thrown Much Light on Life of Retold for Tourists. the Long Past Centuries, Standard's Geneva correspond

wagon and will return soon."

"Pardon me," said the tourist, "that luggage does not belong to you." and called the guard. The latter sided The selfish traveler had to prove



Note That Was Signed by Webster and Clay

WASHINGTON.—What always charms one about Washington is to realize that, after all, men are human, and that no dignity or distinction can the spirit of democracy on which the republic is founded. To walk



along and have a chat with Chief Justice White and find that the man who has written decisions of historic mo-ment from which there is no appeal retains an interest in everyday affairs and wears a fuzzy hat, and about the some sort of clothes, shoes and neckties as any other man, only serves to emphasize his real dignity. The chief justice is as simple as he is dignified. He loves to spend his vacation days at the old home in Louisiana. where neighbors and friends still bail

him with the affectionate greetings of the days when he was forging his way to the front as a promising young lawyer.

The men in official Washington seem to have less of a halo about them than in the good old days, when the towering form of Webster or Henry Clay would attract more attention on Pennsylvania avenue than a brass band or a tango dancer in 1914. In a bank the other day was shown a note indorsed lointly by Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. The story is told that Clay asked Webster to indorse a note with him for \$500.

"All right," said the studious and thoughtful Webster, "Til do so, Clay, if you'll make it \$1,000 and give me half." Clay agreed to the compact, and the two set out for Banker Riggs, signed the note with due solemnity, and secured the proceeds. As they swung out across the threshold on to the avenue and divided the money, Webster in his ponderous voice remarked to Clay, "Henry, why do you suppose Mr. Riggs wanted our names on that note?" "It baffles me, Daniel," responded Clay, "perhaps he desired some me-

mento to hand down to posterity, for I cannot at this moment conceive how it is going to be paid by the present generation."

The cancelled note is today a valued souvenir worth many times its face because of the illustrious signers.-National Magazine.

Bachelor Member of House Embarrassed by Plea

REPRESENTATIVE MOSES KINKAID of Nebraska, a bachelor, was embarrassed in the house the other day. He was almost obliged to agree to get married in order to secure the passage of "a bill providing that the marriage of a homestead entryman to a homestead entrywoman shall not im-

pair the right of either to a patent, after compliance with the law for one Mr. Kinkaid said the present laws are an impediment to marriage in the

public land states, and that this condition of affairs should be no longer tolerated. "The gentleman from Nebraska has a good deal of nerve to call this bill

up," suggested Representative Mann of Illinois. "He says it is against public policy to prevent marriage, while the gentleman all his life has been preventing one marriage that ought to take place."

Mr. Kinkaid blushed and stuttered and then exclaimed haltingly: "I think I can make up for this omission, dereliction, or lack of opportunity, by helping to promote a law of this kind."

"If I thought this bill was designed in any way to permit the gentleman to join his affairs with some entrywoman I should certainly favor its passage, returned Mr. Mann. "I doubt whether the gentleman can make up for his own failings in this manner."

"I do not stand in the way of marriage of worthy widows, widowers, bachelors, or maidens," responded Mr. Kinkaid.

"I suggest an amendment including our Nebraska friend," observed Repesentative Madden of Illinois. "I would be included," said Mr. Kinkaid, smilingly.

"We should like to help the gentleman get married," said Mr. Mann. "I will accept all help gratefully," replied Mr. Kinkaid. The bill was passed.

About the Easiest Thing in the World to Say

captured his dusky escort. "When she got de fixens, Ah reck'n she de A K Washington," is the phrase that makes the corps of correspondents at the national capital ill. It is the easiest thing in the world to say, and sometimes entails endless labor. It means that some paper is going to press, and some one

on that sheet wants to know, for instance, what was the color of President Arthur's eyes. clicks off the massage.

"Ask Washington," says the managing editor, and the telegraph editor

The Washington correspondent gets the query. It may arrive in the middle of the night, or it may arrive even later, but he has to answer it in order to preserve the inviolate reputation that a Washington newspaper man can

Somebody in this town will remember the enswer any question in the world. color of those eyes, and the paper will have it. That is not an extreme example, either. Didn't one Washington bureau get query not long ago, in the "wee sma" hours of the morning, asking the number of steel missiles aboard one of the battleships. How would you like to get that problem put up to you at 1 a. m. with the understanding that the answer had to be fired back instanter?

Another query, from a Canadian paper, asked for the number of employes out of work in nearly every big city in the Union, the cost of clothes and food in all those cities and the probable effect on general business. Another query asked a correspondent here, "Who is Coup d'Etat and where is he from?" "Then it's a bargain," responded Va-The correspondent had been using French in his political stuff. One of the liant with alacrity. "Can you come at most famous queries came from a yellow sheet in a big city. It read: "Something in the air. Send 500 words."

The paper had a hunch that something was doing, and wanted to stir up

Senator Martine "Glad to Meet" the Ambassador

S OCIAL affairs in congressional circles under the present Democratic regime lack the formality which characterized republican gatherings of a similar character under preceding administrations. At least that is what society people in Washington say, and they

are telling a good story on Senator James E. Martine of New Jersey to illustrate their point. At a reception given by the senator

not long ago, so the story goes, members of the diplomatic corps, with their gold braid and medals of honor, mingled with the more modestly dressed civilians. Senator Martin was circling the room, greeting his guests in his bluff, hearty way, when his glance happened to rest on the

Spanish ambassador, gaily caparisoned in uniform of his rank. "Who in thunder are you? Where in thunder do you come from?" said

Senator Martine in his characteristically explosive manner. Somewhat abashed by the senator's frank question and boldness of expres

sion, the ambassador managed to stammer out:
"I am Senor Don Juan Riano y Gayangos, chamberlain to his majesty the
king of Spain, and envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from that

Senator Martine's nerve never has been known to fail him in an emergency and it stood him in good stead in this instan "Well, by gad, sir," he replied, extending his hand cordially, "I'm glad to

Fearful State of Mind. "What's the matter?" asked riend. "You seem terribly nervous."
"I am," confided the shivering spec men of humanity. "It's hysteria. We've all got it at my house."
"Hysteria?"

"Yes. Bridge-whistoria!"

Not Out of Mind.

Wife-Indeed I do. It takes me week to get the smell of smoke out of he house.—New York Weekly.

War and Peace. "An army bride always cuts the cake with her husband's saber." "A pretty custom. What about it?" "But the present sabers are too eavy for brides." "That's bad. We'll petition the sec

Dark and Fair. "Paint beart never won fair indy."
"I detect that proverb."

alder it a slap at vs bru-

Husband (off for a journey)-De

retary of war to have sabers made

ottes."-Kansas City Journal.

fact, of the Anti-Cruelty Society of was urgent. Nola Chucky.

worn out now, but I could repeat them

"A man with a big club appeared at the annual convention of this society and demanded the annual medal, or first prize.

"'What kindness,' the president asked him, what kindness have you ers of song birds, or the plumes of shown, my man, toward the lower animals that entitles you to our

"'Wal, yer honor,' said the man, 'I spared the life of a b'ar. I might 'a' tragic circumstances that no one has killed him with this here club. But I forgotten. let him off.'

ters, afterward eating young trout, cutlets of lamb, grilled quall, and so "Where was this bear?" the president asked. Where was he, and what The speaker was Dr. L. G. Witherspoon, the San Francisco dietician. He cactinged: had he done to you?" 'He'd killed my wife,' the man re

stituted a cap, the classic cap of the

whom this disguised officer insinuated himself could not refrain from laughing and are laughing yet at this man clothed like one of them and decoratd with the legion of honor!-Le Crt

Remarkable Find in Welsh Cave Has

In a recent lecture in the Qld Coun try, Prof. W. J. Sollas, told of a cave rich in palaeolithic relics in human and animal akeletons and implements, situated near Rosall, in the Gower pen insula in South Wales, and is known by the name of Paviland cave. The discovery there, said the professor, of painted skeleton, long known as the "Red Lady," had rendered it famous Recent investigations showed that this keleton was the remains of a member

of the tall upper palaeolithic race. The bones of the animals, most of them extinct, were in agreement with this conclusion, the most abundant being the horse, cave bear, bison, rein-deer and rhinoceros. The mammoth was less common. The implements included objects carved out of mam-moth's ivory, ivory rods, awis and moth's tvory, ivory rods, awis and amulets, bone marrow scoops, and wolves' teet's, perforated for suspension as a neckiace. The cave, which oud class tickets.

lithic man, was the most westerly out-

The Bale-Geneva express, says the overcrowded the other day and travelers had to stand in the corridors of the second class coaches. One tourist saw a seat vacant, but covered with luggage and asked a passenger sitting near whether the seat was ger, "the man is in the restaurant

There the matter ended until the express reached Lausanne, when the owner of the baggage prepared to get

with the tourist and the whole matter was placed before the station master